



American Haibun
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WSE29

Toward a New Year

One whittles something, perhaps to reckon with an atmosphere in which the strategy remains *produce, send forth, consume*. From cold the wild geese fly away. In a pattern of advance/recede, velocity's amended. The human spirit falls to virtuosic silence. As if to shift the factual in favor of the show. Perception's inexperience informs oncoming history. Whose viscosity inverts clear thought during deliberation of a wind quintet.

A trellis poised mid-snow, hosting the myth of climb until it's so

Sand Lake

Font size closes in on blushing just before the trees go dark. I heard her falsify the script, and then felt moved to volunteer for a non-speaking part. Each vowel toned slowly where its patron noun had crept. The child inside the store wore pink on its pale head. I liked everything approximating a protective instinct. Nothing about the man who stood there made the bird vibrato go away. It was snowing where I left it. At the corner of Ludington Street and something with the number 10, perhaps. Just now, the chimney sounded a metallic, indrawn breath. You called, and I removed myself. I broke into my atmosphere, where every cue was printed on a gray card with pale ink. The lights were on my face. My face was at attention. A general malaise slept in the field, a silken storehouse of old crops. I grazed where I might walk. And soon there were identities to read. Now I am young enough to know the child is not my own. Pure teak. A thought, perhaps a revolution, met with simpering.

Justice as a word, resolve, the nubile fortress of disaggregation, *in nomine patris*

"As You Were"

Pinty dog jabs split staccato punc- into the atmosphere.
I leave the shades dimmed shut. Some doors pluck open,
some stay sealed. As grayness holds. Most novelists I
know write look-backs. Splinters of mismatch with uber-
availability of facts. I breathe, therefore explore. Amid
the bales of indignation by untutored mammals
mimicking parental stasis. In the meantime, mid-lines
rarely crossed seem fixed ideas. When the doorbell
rings, it is persuasion seeking to perform its rote bit.
Hillsides better for the leg muscles of strangers.
Weaving is its own excuse for indecision. Watch. A
parrot that might save this day provides ear training for
the gullible. Finding at an impasse selves at speeds
continually various.

Gender studies, wake-up calls arriving like points of a
bell choir, prompt tones marking this hour, that, "the"
hour

I just remembered her address was Walled Lake. One recovered there from an awareness swollen with itself. From which there seemed no peace, except to spoil all likely sentience. Nixon was about to resign. Her couch was a beige color, long and tidy as accounts receivable. His face on the TV had no shine. Complex assignments presently were due for graduate school. I was alone, between responsibilities that others had. Life ought to have been funny. Despite holes between what I thought and felt. I am so old now, younger than I was. The woods, even in summer, appeared gray beneath plush leaves. Her drapes stayed open to the scenic day. I watched his face recite what someone wrote for him. His face muscles bruised my history. At that time I believed an education was a kind of fortress you could use to keep yourself as safe or sane as needed. Always someone sipped preposterous amounts of fizz. How did I become this quiet, this elated about simple things? How did I learn the eloquence of amnesia? Romance languages brush pale lines on my forehead. To persons half my age who rehearse remaining perfect as they are. Whom I invite to teach me something.

Cast iron for the morning meal, a splinter from saguaro spine, small bird lodged between repeat signs

All right, the dream (so full of you) arrives projected on a rear wall. Everyone appearing to have seen and heard weighs in on a question not quite asked. Recall, revise, recite the script as though you plan to mean it when you next speak in my sleep. As words begin to disappear, rinse, blot, retreat. Connective licensure applies to consenting adults planted in guesswork where guest workers have been placed. I share what I impose on selves I can no longer name. What is the ardor of intentions saying backchannel to those who would repeat me? Frost beneath the glass shifts verbiage. Clarity, as well, removes what it has brought to the equation never meant to have been solved.

Ephemera positioned to seem resolutions, fractions of resolve pieced to other fractions

A repertoire of vines striates the home. One spoke of various protective shields to stack up weapons of the pliable, soft kind. Moss smelling of rain reveals how many sanctions have been placed where they are seen. A child infringes on its own development by way of sanity a symptom of observed erosion, as vicinity. Magnetic fields become a tender offer as in dowry. Matches lift the eyesight. Wear shows in the quality of sight. I move closer daily to an accurate portrayal as endorsements fire from nowhere, an eclipsing frame that takes its toll on seams. In a minute, life forms breathe their way out of a voyage spun from centimetric knockoffs. Brain threats dazzle where we work and how small moments grow intense unto another dozen forecasts.

Rapt attention, the sentence read, fairness a mere point guard in the midst of laws

Which of these embroiders the indigenous? A carving, pale to touch, a violet, or a quail? The mind scrolls down to patch a wave with an invented wave, inverted to the smooth pragmatic pinch of sleet gone threaded. Each window has been dressed to keep the eye affixed to possible delivery. Owls and preaching, silver blades of olive leaves, the line of red rock here where we sit a distance from each adverb left along the floor. A desert reeled in from our table seems a quick assembly of some words for heat. We talk about unfathomable temperatures that know us back. A sturdy pair of shoes, recording capture, safety left to recollection. When we grow we will have saved ourselves from who we thought we'd earned the destiny to be.

Sore thumb luring rides to unknown places, branches
dusting off the pavement

Approach

Unshared diminution is the language of a broken heart.
A proxy vote as unresolved as youth is held suspended
beneath a bulb of harsh light. Someone somewhere
speaks a string of speech inflecting what's behind the
coming rage. Incessant quiet primes vocabulary that will
go unused. The window frames an accidental scene. In
parallel, some likely echoes hamper sightings of the
source. A spliced intention prompts a clean
pronunciation of one's size in language certain to be
understood. What remains may be allowed away. A form
of quiet crowds the light and warmth with natural
surroundings.

Afterglow, ribbons of cloud, visual learning transposed
to senses yet unlabeled

Rounds and rounds of grace tones stipple ardor in my carrel. The lighthouse four km from here has drowned. Maybe semaphore owns rationale, while we, young onions, are infused with incandescent flack. Ingenious methodological ix-nays *raunch* the livery supposed to deem a person worthy of another person. Coveted pronouncements shuffle within hearing range. Home plots anchor depth. "I'm "waning" you." Until, unless, untimely saplings have been singed, we're going to be wary of divulging stones. Our leisure yields some culpable gift *gimmes*. I think, therefore I stammer. When you venture, move this way (home first). I'm in the middle of atonement. Shall we veer "at one"? The kinship comes before the amicable unction given in third worlds in which we toy with force majeure. And only then will sign language serve as keepsake as a tacit copacetic sponge.

Age before bounty, frenzied friends approaching a perfectly coiffed cliff a ground speed

Pale outline of a white tree against gradual darkness,
until a blur and then no line at all. A simple wind presses
a branch, a leaf. The eye encloses this much, then a
string of syllables forms map language, measuring the
muscle to return. And ivy graces brick, warm close to
windows. Once light approaches, it begins receding.
Each object in turn disappears until seen again. The
quiet, then the levity, or a connection that revives this
flight. One moment takes a moment. As the shore is
staged to frame a tiny flight.

Sore points, prior to an aftermath, some compass to
approach what shows

Silk Irises

We still believe that they are real. Each flower renders individually rippled flaws she brought mid-fever on a visit when we had no word for what the diagnosis hid. She slept long, she stumbled toward the kitchen, speaking dosage, sharing what had happened inside sleep. One of the flowers, blue, hovers amid hushed purple hues. We dust them. People look for water in the vase. What is not true begins to seem thus. We carry things in ways that match their beautiful mistakes, cloth method act. She brought us moments, and she walked a ways, until the wine could lift her above feeling she would not describe. Our table, very white, showed vivid colors, gathered turnings of pale light approaching dusk.

Darkness to which one grows accustomed, as color starts to disappear

Intemperance

One question brought to the rehearsal is what should be rehearsed. Had there been time, the signature excuse, the projected concert would have chiseled atmosphere. What blasted from the bell ends of brass instruments might have been enhanced by Styrofoam. Percussion held tempura moments, and nasality occurred from winds, with strings plucking infancy of nether voiceprints. There lives a lore that parlays twenty languages about a world with time. Given allocations to inform the populace. One labors under false pretenses, veering toward finality, concluding prematurely. A performance often comes to pass, and what is absent from the staves is filled by legend. Conversation fills in for real life, offering a factual advance, as to clothe the vacuum of experience.

Allure as concentration on an object, a poverty removed from what disintegrates the state of mind

Twilight

You take up shovels full and place plump moisture elsewhere. I look upon the Fahrenheit, bestowing naming in a sentence. When blue bright softens into dusk, each energy becomes a glow. Now premises seem white stones. Tone-matching turns to function. There are seams we relegate to whim lines. Pathways have been brushed as if to clear a space for the unknown. Crispness once positioned the dividing lines, and now a blur appears more accurate. I take arithmetic practices to heart and listen to a string of subsequent occasions become drawn to my experience. Whatever we embrace may not be counted. Stories have a yet to them until. More mercy than a simple shadow, pressed into the telling.

Angle of light, sound thinking, a compass or a map

In a Word, Totally

I am sure I am not sure about protection money that I paid to seem to love you. Now with the time up, my listless darling, I look back on this obsession with polite shame. Safeguarding the degrees of freedom one assumes (I, you, s/he, we, you again, and they). If there were anything but objective case across the pitted langue, I might go back and do repairs myself. Evade flocks of subcontractors. If needed, take a quick course. When an adverb takes you home at night, you sign a pre(n)up to gain respect by morning. Weightless tonguing lifts woodwind instruments to sacramental value. Each long-term child seeks common ground, fondness, and surface (e)yes. While morsels of routine purport to be indicative of growth no one prefers to hear about. Soft underclothing advertised as soft enough for sleep.

Grid lines, intimacy retrieved from scraps around the yard awaiting form

Comeuppance tintured how you felt (vested in the system). Cauldrons of peptide nonced their way into the overtones. At least one of the brethren ran numbers while the horses strayed. Goodness of fat resplended how you worthlessly your way easterly as cinchly as a middle drawer. My actuarial address reverberated through the willows more than once. It softened and it heaved. It registered on platelets of informed guess. Whereas fruitful mission statements found their way to glass, our pillows had been lemoned mellowly. My madras blouse revived my interest in past things. A photograph of you wearing blue jean jams confused me. I had been legislating slingshots when the neighbor phoned to whelp me. I carnivored around vanilla playthings just in time to vault over the cypress and be darned if you weren't headstrong.

Evermore, duplicity, triplexitude, north mall asunder

Whatever seemed germane was just Germaine in moderate disguise. Trimmed tie-tack and matching tap shoes upon sponge floor. The walkways, punctured with (dis)use, plumped up the altitude. A person known as "mister" chafed the staff. Having afforded a punctilious view of houses, both lordly and common. One walked in or near the commons, in a state of fugue. A balloon text veered toward honoring maternal sway. Brimming with feast was how her clothe-tones were applied. Even mauve exquisitely doubled her repose. A chapter versed amounted to a prototypical protozoan shadow. Chaps meandered by and watched. A sponsor who appeared above reproach reprised a solitude, then acted with restraint. A dormitory full of windows showed specific pets as silky as new frames in tow. Rendered by way of camera jewel. One let it thump against one's chest. As though an investment, to mimic an indefinite majority. The deception had to do with platitudes removed from specificity. For all we knew, the nominative case had been forever hijacked and would leave us to our "him and me," known friends for all eternity.

Pets yapping in the neighborhood, the owner voted "most likely to recede," a photo in the yearbook, facing pies

I think *larga distancia* is horse sense. Just bill me for good will. Then brainwash anyone with chops, and we'll proceed to next perfunct-. At this rate, scales we thought would fall will have been already felled after soprano washings. Anyone's religious inclinations will have seemed as fraught with sleigh lines as the next snow light. Watch beneath the street lamp where the road divides and guess the compass point from inside sleep. I'm forming your equestrian emotion: blaspheme prayer. It's time to place your bets at plural borders. Play board games. Play bored. Play through. The lax and perpendicular *entonces* has been made your own trump *carte blanche*. By no means does this guarantee quick kismet. It means choke on swallowed rivers. Answer for your past. Think the children who will live out your acts in alpha moments leaking old momentum. Nothing you have failed to fashion can outpace what you have made of givens.

Being, knowing, valuing, a trade off of the numbness

Safety is my prince, immaculate against infusions of the blasphemy. Right margins, once left to themselves, recuse new selves. The case is well kept, overdone, rescinded flat. The sore mistake reuptakes inhibition. Yes to touch, and yes apart from something. When a wilderness betrays its amnesty, the voice imposes syllables. Voice readily imparts a sling of fuses. By the time you rest in Pachelbel, the hoists will take apartments out of circulation. And the chimes, a lost boy, the incinerative clinch removed from trace elemental coin. My avenues are breezing with unlimited renunciation. And the soffits, our very own incessant need. Whose children offer to infer a stream of constitutional regression? Just when poise takes over poison, we dry our fingers with fresh serviette and think beyond the act of dining. Weld is how we take back broken links. Remove unwanted space. Revoke the fence with altitude.

Summative engagement, taste of grape, with vintage after vine

Location Location Vocation

Walls of hand-picked stones between which not a razor fit. Thus wind strikes whistle-free, returns judo-esque promptly. Lavishly. Appended to first thought (beast fraught). Lamentation, aggravation, condescension. Overt(ones). My magna carte-blanche overcast new size. What lore we break (into) the judge's chambers. Nora was non-parametric for a gentle while. She slaked a thirst belonging to another. Now her femininity's at stake. One overturns the violets left in a stucco vase. And why not ponder different fakes? If I were yearning, I would be you tiffed with full-on *glorificamos (te)*. The rigor is all mine. Divinity's confection. Every misdirection shepherds us to blooms we've never heard. A head shot will be nigh onto a vowel sound in a hapless whiff of emptiness. In which you hear your pretty selves appearing to have noticed other pretty selves on cue. Alertness as informal never-mind, and sugar as a causal fling.

Beneath matriculation, glass of port, a promissory notice, the avant vehicular endorsement

Vault

Delinquency stacks up to be a hope chest. At the behest of 'lorn grammarians, who falter in the wind, while venturing to buy blood orange castanets and to talk balderdash. As if a gentleman caller left to whittle on a porch, reconstituting lineage. (Please speak three syllables.) If one forgot to be a star, there still would be sufficient space within (remaining decades). Frost begets a template known to mainline wealth.

Intemperate disagreements catch fire and attract a friar with laudable detente. Imagine being female. When lockstep frittering becomes remorse, we know our magnitude is mood-wrung. And the stalks of eminence grow tall as water. What we sell is what we've been. Our bundles of munificence wash out the druthers and the cheap repairs left in deciduous windows. Scraped shores show ephemera, as if a storefront had been honed to cure perfection. Trapped gourd seeds make a hash of woodwind sections, toppling every quiet with percussive weeds. One thinks of trimming, and one thinks of streams. One thinks of natural resources quite apart from a department.

Crêche, advancing age, Demosthenes when needed at a time turned verbiage

He does not convey a pulse. His recitation can be added, multiplied and must be thus. For he thrives apart from blood beat, and his face shrinks, as his words fall, as his thoughts lift. Where is the heart, how does the eye light, who perceives the touch scape of intention where tension might be substituting for the real leaves? I ought to leave this place and be for him in his place letting go the transcript for the trance. I ought to genuflect to higher thought. I ought to offer to be ghost speak for his stance. He gives what he has left, and it is all (too little anymore). He think, he pauses, and his words just drop. I want to predicate next moves on moves concrete enough to lock horns with another (set of horns). So anybody knows there is a state, there is a thing, there is a cast across the wake. Something was heard. Something symphonic hastens, happens, halts the inflammation.

Sensory supposing vowel sounds forwarded with
cloaking consonants

Maybe you get away with doing nothing by having someone misperceive that you have acted to do something. Expressing lies in oval letters, large, that give away that implication. Possibly this can be twisted to mean that you will lead and some will follow. If a hollow yields the echo you believed you opened, then all right. Some will feel they have been fooled, some will enunciate a clever motion to adjourn (due jour). Then there will be a thread of continuity where a mere threat had been formed. If this is you, be sure that you are known, if not the norm, and you have given off a remedy for being situated in or near the line no one has drawn. A raw particular amounts to random raw particulates. One onerous intention at a time. The person of your dreams will fail to dream you. Your rumored innocence will fray. Your animosity will not be spun to gold again. If ever anyone would speed read your inimitable overtime, what will be? You look out of a rubbed window to allow a cleansed scene partly of your making. This is how you bar the rapture from occurring anywhere within you. Sacrifice yields laudatory backlash toward romantic view. You patronize your very limelight.

Bracketed resources, chaperones on hold, the overtime not counted anymore

She gave away some images until blankness had trespassed. Her only child reverted to adulthood. Standing where the moon perspired a nearly spherical mute light. Softness without laminate seemed imprecise as any pool. A feeling of need failed to replenish either side. Would imminent resentment translate? She knew only not to lullaby. The blond white moment shifted darkness. Quiet song amounting to rest after rest, rectangular pauses offered attention, measured. She unboxed then boxed those pictures that the child would touch. Vibrati once absorbed into the paper held. Indifference became a deity, one answer at a time.

Independence, earnings season, tapestry allowing tiny light

Compramos Oro

She used to show (her wrist), she used to (shade her eyes), she used to (imitate) eliminate, she used to storyboard). What motivation is revealed, revered, restored? A pronoun's forced upon a given (lore). If point of sale is obvious, then what of your injurious supposing? Care concerns associated with a level one. Respond, explain. Review in the reverse. I knew a man (quoth she). I forewent the wrong past (participle). Give me a moment north of our fragility. Statewide. State foreknown. An agile fortified neglect equates to course correction. Multiply or testify or stonewall a forensic coup. Dried, voiced, or fumed. Define neglect. Mhome is your home. Our homogenous elation turns investigative journalese. The term to term seems motherhood. What plaudits come to us apart. Sweet selves who spork these drams. Given plastics as a function of a timeline. Arbitrary, overdone, in motion. Being in arrears, turns template prior to contemplative. "There's a situation." So the monitoring team plunges into allegation. Singular. As steam rises proximate to the vest. "My stars and garters," says the mother of the bride. Appurtenances override a pale assemblage of dry druthers. Broth aligns with brotherhood. Endowments surge.

"Come hither," said the primate, don't condone

mortality, six weeks, such short time

Bark marks nabbed the tree. What do you know of time?
A datum lingers, though not very (limber). Trawl is what
to make of an old watch. There's a name for this. Using
Ebay, you can furnace through the parts. Neuralgia
mates with absence, sipping absinthe on account (of). A
foray toward one of means. (With) Legend has it you are
brittle just beneath the cloth. An architect, a moth, the
sole decedent. What have you (been doing). Whose
interrogation mark is left to outer coating. Now is the
time for all (good). In a lenten foray, many of the
hangers-on draped weeds across a school. Where no one
picked up (on) the child. Inhabitants drifted through
wind referencing the lack of stress. And stretched their
pale imaginations across tentacles and manacles and
mandibles and oracles and rinsed free sheets to wind
chimed pace. The impresario gave credence to
vocabularies spoken in the way the lariats seem freely
singed.

Urgent care, an unguent, maturation can be dunned,
Norelco animation

Loquacity is pearl. She said smoothed orphan.
Blasphemed upon now softish. If protection holds a
theory hostage, what affordable immersion is she due?
The child transition tempers the intransigence. A yes
from her would mean the same as anyone's varietal
imposed reprise. The other day, a story incomplete
released itself from memory. This bond sliced open
watch point. "In a minute, honey" shows on forearm.
Honey takes its place mid-kitch. The livery refrigerants
facilitate a form of dialogic transference. Why now?
Persistent denigration of the small things that enable an
affordable new life give rise to sanctifying grace. When
nodules waste their way out of the distance, then we'll
safeguard any kind of habitation that includes ourselves.
I hear them talking and I notice it is time to ask. The
dread one letter removed from dream is mine until . . .

Precipice extended into permanence, unless . . .

She abbreviates what skin learns. Ignorance is learned response. How is distance between sky and surface bridged? In the way that inference enclosed within parentheses necessitates affection: plus-one R.S.V.P. to an invitation. The individual aspires to transcend individuality, unless divinity, halved, becomes replete with an infectious innocence. Blasphemy defies impure mistakes. The level of assurance doubles what is known. Cognition engineers directness. Flowers without names litter the atmosphere. Allergic reactions constitute just one pattern of response.

Infusion, perfumery, young ditto marks tossed like confetti to the air

Is there (there is) zilch pinned to filched day drams
dreamed lavish quintessential various. No matter norms
beam hope. The fins thin-jostle morning through the
wash of would-be lines. Infinity at least charms dime-a-
dozen peaks across from vales. You might have noticed
sails along the universe whose melodies shape frost
when dime store days of yore went plentiful. Now shores
are glossed, we read. And news, for all it's worth (its
worth) redeems what dorms implant if luck is left. There
were a few residing stories plain to visual reversion.
Then a soak in lavender to bring on sleep. And veering
into domiciles of soft free kismet. Just what the doctor
hors d'oeuvres. While many remedies look furry from
afar. And shoulder scar identifies my very own still
visible non-catastrophe. I'm here, and thanks to her I
stay.

Rescue remedy, thin veil of ocean spray, the camisole,
the lyre, and wish

Stacked Deck

Mechanical indifference leaves the tubas with their scars still sounding plump, insistent, sure. No matter how advisable storm windows seem, they keep Orpheus imagined in suffused light. I have to look up everything and more. The damages, profound, amount to store rooms of divisible new stay-at-home deception. Now and then, expression fleet their way into one's mind. Whose mind is that? Subscriptions are available in every meantime. Only fifty percent complete if you compete with what attracts attention. I believe in leverage and a vault. I also think of storebought frames as housing everything from photographs to inadvertent stains. The latitude allowed belongs to Dave. I have to ask him something, but he's long since waved my thoughts away. I read the evidence, you read the eminence, he supplied us with and with . . . If altars are a remedy, just think what blur the pastors flaunt. Parmenides, once fraught with habit, rapidly imposed these damages. If you've a mind to use erasers, try them now, and be prepared to talk about how what we are forgetting has affected you and yours and . . .

Sacrifice, prospective sharing, sorted clumps of
unidentified location

Inflecti-variate, repeal of socks. Let go the dam-stet
minion-able overtones. Recall: she limbers when
purporting to have loved (you). Incidentally, the flock of
constables who named you in a pinch arrive at dawn.
They flexed their macular degenerate capacity to foster
living broadly in the tensile light. Do you egrege? Now
let's talk fowl. Let's nervive. Let's compare triumphant
portions of the common meal. A commonweal expressed
amounts to nacreous falsetti. If you mind, repeat
yourself until it sounds like he. What about the
nominative indulgence? Would you season some of this,
or just go with the objectivity flown by? One knows what
roses patch the otherwise complex yard full of clumsies.
And I promise: fettered is as fettered does.
'Til dust do. And another thing: refer to style guides and
other protocol when you address the papal wool. You
may arrive at an unfurnished state. Estate sale minus
quiver. Minus arrows. Minus bow.

Taking a bow before the emirate, enforceable retreat
allowed to answer tinkling knell

Fragment read, ingested, all four hundred forty-seven pages, not intended to convey the settled feeling of set piece. Generosity posthumously rendered fills both heart of giver and the heart of given. I saw where he was going with the isolated beauty. Fair of face means licensed to excoriate. One surface deserves another. En plein air derives from litmus in an afternoon. Here all by oneself. Was rose then drawn then slipping. Branch officious designation in the text. One chair leg's friction with the floor. Rubbed wax. As if the story changed all that. Moist thought of non-delivery, of exegesis. Of incipient arrival, planned. The marzipan of half-truth. Storyteller's mortified (again). Level of raw, level of outage.

Plink, worthy of attention, the shouted punctuation

I am privy to our picnic basket, where the brie and apple
Charlotte live. I want to have a sandwich in another life
with you. Near streams the cuckoo swells to song.
A sonnet's worth of linking to some petulance to swat.
The kiln is full of undone flings. You will administer my
depth half without thought. A color might conform to
fuel, and soothing herbs might prompt a reminiscence.
Weather may as well have wintered here. The whimsy
once imagined capsizes rigid fault lines. Whose
arrangement do these flowers portend? A live nest
bristles with conspicuous thin leaves. Unhinged
endorphins cozy up to patterns to be made. I fill a feast
with quiet forecasts. As though any of the story could be
formulated shared.

Stem cell, Thebes, some thumb tacks, overall a carryall

Spaces between saplings, and the flow-through of thin butterflies. A respite dawns on place, insomnia the color charcoal, holds. As if an invocation, practice rooms release the wrinkled versions of etudes as preface to dry sun. The nerves do what they must, connect with other nerves within muscular homesteads. How to walk is music of intention. Poured across each tangible, beyond imagined likeness. A numbered print to go.

Place, restored granule by granule, imparting gradually a whole

We did not disturb the screen, which was already torn. Instead, we wiped away the scarred paint so the eye would travel naturally to another place. Not as insects might seem to enter the walled emptiness. A more novel seeming way to seek surprise. To bless the sudden stasis with a lake nearby. We took ourselves into a polished vehicle, pearl white, and drove away from water. Where for days we had been looking at the trees in little feather pockets lining the water's edge. People arrived unplanned. People who owned places on the water where they slept to rhythm of the water swishing forward, drifting back. The thought of fishing and the thought of quiet and the distance from routine made things as simple as a rest that stretched across four measures. We left the screen scratched, twisted, and we looked into the woods once more before the engine took us back into the state of motion, where we planned to reach a plane in time to lift.

On view, a tone, apart from its tone row, the intervals between

Aptitude's convivial spot-check happens in the form of chordal backdrop to the lively fiddle moving west. *I hear her brother has the same kind of neglectful voice.* The curfew we are in the habit of obeying could be nicknamed winter. The wine we use to baptize young adults remains a blend of one known with one less so. The reach, the arch, parched stacking of the deck remain semantic. *For days at a time they argue about nothing. Nothing anyone remembers later on. Thus, they are left with a vague sense of dread.* Talk opposes sanctuary of the polished solitude each seeks. One's best behavior forms this stasis. In the moments between gathering and placing crops within proximity of preparation. Daylight has been made for making via routine magic. *Tell me something,* says the one in charge. *Explain to me how principle can be distinguished from a chore.*

Norms replenishing a brokenness, habitual as catastrophe, once you get the hang of it

When I repaired to Flagstaff, sleet in tiny knives pierced dot points on the windshield faster than the glass replacement salesman at each car wash could descend upon a hundred drivers who have no intention of re-seaming glass. One slips into gear and pretty soon people begin to talk. Inference, with sugary surface, practices itself. As solos break out into northern ventures up I-17. Avoiding Friday afternoons and other placekicks in the psyche favoring young Mondays. Primping along defined roadways as if jaundiced wings had grown too close to sunlight. Logic entertains in passive fashion, coming out in question form, unrecognized, undrawn to, and still spun into a fault line that some citizens agree upon. Those stalwart gentle creatures who ruminate more than they work. Some overtones release their fractions into would-be continuity. The pine trees at this time of year seem congruent with bassoon tunes on FM radio, factory installed in the vehicle on which I have a warranty for thirty thousand miles.

Remnants of eternity, a splash back, interference
someone runs as if part of the script

Con Brio

Conceptual experience instills orgiastic tremolo no matter what. The emblem of a blouse, some flagpole evidence, an inadvertent weather. Who says blossoms lead a full life? All of the arithmetic functions are performed, not necessarily pro forma. A story brings its tantrum to these premises, and we decide, both consciously and its inverse, to be affected. Our economy does not deserve the plural possessive pronoun. The latitude someone provides is less intriguing than the reason for release. Timetables need to be let go. Skin breathes, ideas are revamped by creed and craving. Will you run away (or for)? Who's to say the pockets will continue to be deep? Alliances mean pretty parked ensembles of the witty charm. Alignment seems reduction of the same old music stands. The rests within which one has dwelt and can't recall. The divots and the divans and the near-miss of a projected harmony.

Staccato quirks, the near miss of in(ter)vention, silos lying in the field

Calluses pressed strings into music. As prayer to honor
color and geometry brought by this teacher lifted now
beyond simplicities. Each student in present tense
absorbed the cello tone. Juice glasses were handed
round; a tiny group just stood, transfixed, hearing the
deliberate line of melody be with the body for a while. As
all repealed a likely speech.

Green and yellow Palo Verde trees, smooth-skinned,
flowers from the cacti all around

Start with the elimination of words that weigh what landfill weighs: unburden selves you did not know that you had in you. Trade present tense for depth. Perceive layers as a way through an accumulated sadness. No one, ever, functions as a panacea flavoring your every inadvertent error. Earned runs turn out average, right? Focus on mistakes as maps that lead to accidental perfection. Loneliness becomes the sequel to compulsive repair. Once everything is fixed, there's just you sitting there, watching everything perform. If you've been taught to occupy the present tense, you know there's no investment in being accurate. Or wrong. You're there, a part of anything that happens without filling the vessel of five or more senses that come along. If language is a given, offer it to someone unlikely to (ab)use it.

Eaves trough leaking holy water, clouds the color frost

Topography

Whose violets belong on the white rug? Moments ago, I fluffed footprints out into the atmosphere. And now what shows is soil. What keeps is violation. What holds is sensory. A voice, still vibrant, weights its chance of being not just chosen, but magnified. "As you are all aware . . ." began the prof-. Thus, the lecture moved toward ventilation. Crops made good. Folks made whole. Corporations left to their inflationary wheeze. If responsible for where one's walked, how shift routine to dance? So many daylights might be labeled "usual." Reliable indifference does not brush what may need tending: water, weeding, reed tones played and heard and held. Regardless of the struggle, follow-up needs to be plenary in minds that like their closure. Nine essential vitamins will go unnamed against the soldiering. To correspond with color isolates, perhaps unplanned.

Semi-tones, yes, blood calories, a minute of your time

Early On

Rain encompasses my Midwest. I do not capture rhythmic frictional mistakes that leave the windshield evenly pockmarked, smooth, uneven then again. We share a curfew and unlimited supplies of innocence. I cannot claim to be in love, although an impulse to have pantomimed this decade comes as naturally as any gesture of survival. Sun stays muted until someone wants a rainbow. Truth usually manufactured can be made to fit a circumstance. We are only young as we pretend. This weekend afternoon, others suppose we are en route to lifelong happiness. The physical indifference might be retrofit to how we're seen. It is too early, still, to think about a self being constructed. Each of us has speed read the parts that we were handed on single sheets. I say my lines, and you complete my sentences. The clouds keep letting go. Wheels can be heard like music, and gray fills all available space. One does not manufacture light. One apprehends what can be found, and tries to keep it whole or even possible again.

Fidelity, its provenance, the discipline required to maintain a consistent story

Inflationary insolence revokes his muscularity. Her frail eyesight splinters his speech. His bracketed reversion to a comb line glints what prompts a little query about methods. That now strays into . . . There are so many rest stops on the turnpike. Any moment now, the conversation will seem breathalized into sudden single frames. And wealth will be distributed in future tense. The mist against will shift the mountain view until the radio beams calculated quiet into youthful song. One sings legato anymore. The way through villages becomes androgynous percussion. Quaint small triumphs make a driver stall. The life blood soon incurs a tiny obvious mistake. What has been shared will now be split into two mismatched fractions. The binoculars will be renamed. And hesitation will transcend its definition as mere ploy.

Formaldehyde, entrapment, view from the perpetual afar

Easy Answers

Trills hide melodic threads intended (for the meld).
Likewise, vibrato churns reveal intensity that may elbow
away a prior thought. The very act of thinking stipples
otherwise smooth planes. One imagines venturing. One
stays still a while growing accustomed to July trees and
the broad shade, proof of passing on our code. Sparks of
texture float the conversation across land's warmth.
Appearing just a ahead, amid mistakes. One does not
sharpen skills, one is absorbed into a sphere with
potency exceeding one's own earnings. Plenty to discuss,
rework, refrain from mimicking their first performance.
Distance from my heart may mean you don't reside
there. Silence edges out that portion of intent that
travels with the pack. There seem wild-leaning decibels
that conquer fear of quiet, fear of being seen, of being
known. In a nearby suitcase is a fresh batch of
hyperbole, homemade, complete with its own
stretchmarks, not about to be contained.

Voice, the flesh of petals that become the flower, still
retrievable, inventing their own space

In the Moment

I learn not to take notes, absorbed into the song.
Someone singing in my eyes no longer hurts. There is
moisture enough. The glint still chaperones
contentment. Routinely I divide acceptance
by mutuality. I have been here for miles, no one is
coming home. A crop of soldiers, no new dread. How
simple morning was before I knew the fingering for F#.
Now I execute young banjo riffs. Then lute, and without
hesitation, I observe the evidence on staves begin to hold
a melody released from reflex after circling the chapel
where I learned to heal.

Her face upon the screen years after several exhibitions
of perfection

I never knew the history of my teacher. I saw only the part I heard, his muscular hands for which the instrument remained a small and simple thing. My thinness, partial intellect, my formulating psyche. Felt my sight-reading lift away, note by note. No tones sprung from my soul. The more code I lost, the more angry he became. For him, performance was a tiny shred of evidence, compared to his creation of the instruments. When asked about mechanics of rote cleaning, he responded, "Wear it out playing it." Too much thought blunted the symbolic gestures meant to turn into relaxed inflection. To be safe, I started to hear nothing, feel nothing, resist the next thing scheduled to occur. I held the keys, my breath, I looked into the inner case where silver lived. I had boots for outside slush. I felt my talent fall away. People heard my flute replace a self, perhaps suspected that I loved identity that they could know and feel from windows that I wore like Kevlar clothing in broad daylight.

Vibration shapes, the shapeless afternoon, warm snow gone gray beneath half light

White violets, viewed pencil thin, a meadow changed.
What is it you were saying? Timetables, warbling doves,
a minus sign as far from here as Ralph, who glimmers in
the sotto vision of remorse. I try to bask without
a prompt, and then what harbinger awaits? The limited
endearment of a crush, a crêche, a camisole until I wash
away already pale recall of brittle words that tone down
peace. He worded things to make me interfere with my
own maxims. Then the day came when informal solitude
resumed a quest removed once from revocable
agreements. Diminishing self in the wake of ocean rush.
Parched daylight, desert as a way of life, recursive
overcast. This way we water down amenities, if only to
survive their passing.

Gleam to glimmer, voice-over gone silver, thin new
moon appearing

She wanted to recite the number of times announcers used the phrase "a ton of." Once she grew fatigued, this count no longer mattered. The sun went down, The crowd made noise. A hastily applied tourniquet performed its job, as each of us made her way into the victory tent to toast strangers. People wearing padding underneath taut uniforms prompted a discussion between two individuals who mispronounced one of the team names. As a matter of form, a viewer tried to document events in a small spiral notebook. Classical music conducted its usual fracas on a background channel. Capped off brilliance offered a vibrato to the populace. A wilderness tends to disturb as much as shine. Carefully pruned alleyways lead to a single destination. Eventually, neighbors find something in common. When the air conditioning comes on, people with their feet up keep their feet up, and remain alert to possible events. The young man majoring in journalism notified us the he had acquired no new facts during his initial month at university. He added that the bulk of time spent leafing over expensively bound books amounted to review. A large man he resides with frequently reminds him of the football score. Always it is time to sleep. Mid-always, there are things to do that will be carved into one's permanent record.

Pasteurized, homogenized, grandfathered in an effort to minimize ephemera naturally occurring

To chalk onto the pavement is not possible again. A fractured repertoire shows empty. Prayers fall forward. The likeness between here and later camps out against wall space yet unclaimed. To make is to appear to own . . . as shelf life means grape wine. Disentangling *unlesses* magnifies shared poverty, wingspan, and the lurch toward past tense. Nature runs its course correct. And we perform our roles apart from resource by extension. How the city magnifies its keepsake. With each river seems as hypothetical as nearby birth.

Letters full of yard, retro-glyphs in a montage, an infant now a man who never sees his home

Honey Voice

for Peter Ganick

I spoon organic honey, raw and doused with cinnamon,
into my singing, to resuscitate the mezzo voice. Come
hither, say the vocal cords, come bother me awake unto
the bold director in a civic choir about to lull a snapshot
audience to its sotto sleep Filtration systems live
through brave new brackets holding pose. The only
imposition I can weather is notation to adapt my
thought to song modules to be rung through little
hemispheres of composition. I have long been able to sit
still, and yet I scamper, I invite my students to mimesis
of an eager motion. When I sing I am indelible. And
when I sleep I dream new song. I have a slide rule in my
sympathies, I glide away from cause. I break rules
because they're mine. I limber my way through the aisles
and show the population what they represent a sample
of. I lose my train of thinking on a preposition. When I
speak I may have sung. I whistle some, I scurry through
endowed chairs, winter in the desert, summer there. I
practice being healed when I am healing. Bees
accumulate on blossoms I can name. The jars replete
with honey hold their pose on shelves I raid without
compunction, for I pay, we pay, limboic antlers also pay.
The screech owl leaves a mood of being young
synonymous with wise, cracked like a sculpture we have
molded to artistic hands. Forgive in-situ and my way of
work in play. My life bred day bed leaves me to role play

sainthood during light of day.
Quasi-methodical doldrums weighing slivers less of
matter find a voice to say

You have a choice of whether to make it work or keep it broken. And you elect to keep it broken, as if a ticket to attention. The pile of pieces that no longer connect means Goodwill must come to haul them in. Perhaps to simulate a working thing. Perhaps to show good hope, if not quite faith. You had a choice that you begin no longer to continue having. As the broken thing morphs into other things, and as you cease to watch, the center point shifts to a different place. That place, no longer central, shifts from openness to turf. Whose turf? The guesses gradually accumulate until no one possesses the connections. And connections resemble possibilities of newly formulating things that turn eventful. Heaps of new attention might collect or might collide. The inferences might capsize. An individual such as yourself may have a role in changing forward or reverting. Stasis no longer holds. An infinity of centers pivot to include remote spots operating as distinctive centers yet unknown.

Rapport, lack of rapport, a story told from one perspective, an infinity of fiction

Make of self a little island field with temperature inverted. Make a time to wield the nothingness, that it might seem contagious. Limit intake, outflow, adhesion heists. Be singular as willful rest. Now is what you often missed, one at a time. Pray simply. Cool replaces the way warm replaces cool. Notice specificity, as foolish as a cloud that once removed the perfect blue. Make of experience an innocence deliberately flushed with river, as you made a tape in hope of keeping secretly a morsel of ephemera. Rule to be forgotten. Speak back to selves you learn to name, rename, refresh, reveal, that rule. Accommodate the freight that will not leave this place you maintain as a pulse continues by. Thump in hand, in wrist, in heart. Behold. Be wary. And be multiplied.

Ways of having Thursday count, picking a shred for thinking

Posture's tincture modestly abbreviates the slurs already mispronounced. The screen neglects riposte. If you were she (not her) whom would you bring (plus-one) to the festivities around neglect? Our year begins when we declare freedom to selves twirled around beanpoles maypoles, daybeds, tool sheds. Our resilience comes from mutuality, like springs (as plural as you please) apart from seasons, cars, and mattresses. I want to dance inside the cortex of another person's diffidence, to undermine complicity of shrill free will. I would rather be a DJ than platonic likelihood of turning food. And equally, I would prefer to dust the shadow of a full life with goose down than drift toward night earned by routine. For now, one's sturdy ritual becomes another person's impact on the fraught.

Mandatory meetings, phantasms overcome by actuality,
tin whistle versus pencil late at night

Balsa wood airplanes found in language compete with the pronunciation of rurality. Now I'm warm; a minute ago, I turned it up. Honk if you think fear can be relaxed. Dumbwaiters have to do (with freight). One of the things I've always loved . . . from time to time, a depth in your originality. Turn on the tap, turn off the clodhops, recognize the referendum torque its way to iterative blanching. Tree branches list amid our brevity. The sprawl configured holds its posture where we know to seem asleep. Which lace would most become my window? Hushed silver taps the dual-paned glass that looks out over snow. If goalposts house a penetrable surface, who can claim stray film?

Overdose of undertone, fleece foaming a distraction from immortal recency

Takes a Wife

This most exhausting sentence broths on toward completion of one's life, says he. You mimic me. You fault line everywhere I have. The mensch I thought I was lies down in hammock, disabusing selves of thoughts concerning safety. Here we are, and there I go, thinks he. The portion of the plate devoted to the vegetables expands beyond the fruit, the grain. Sandpipers take the mind off sand. The sky becomes all that exceeds beneath-ment in so many words. She's central and she's prompt. She's here on time. She norms her way through others' time. I want to go into a question where I leave my mark, and lose the interrogative, says he. I want to find a self that I can be, as singular as March. I want to point out what has been bequeathed to me, and give it up before I give it time. I want to father something sweet. I watch the feathers from my situation comedy address the branches and the future heat. I want to sever ties to tone deaf fracas, and attain bewildered ways. I want to loofa obligations, breathe out safety while the norms shake off my bother. Back to life and back to dreams and back to music, I will overtake reputed moons. To month the whole way through the dowry and consider myself whole as healed, apart from brothers, uncles, quaintness, aunts. That stance.

Shimmy as a solitary inkling, something often left upon the off-white page

She construes surface as depth. Verses of appearance fall
into versus for the missus. Who confides in. Versus who
returns the service retribution. Piece of walleye.
Percolation primps. A wait staff. Don clamps down on.
Sends our friend. He did. Now what. The stuck part of
the damp line of the dervish when it swayed then
placard splintered too. Young braided boy at brawl. A
Scorpio deranges. What miles to count. Play what is not.
Young parallelogram. A two-two tabula rouge. And
now her ghostly prax. The yarn goes dormant. Turnkey.
Riced. The table-plated joust. And fractional. And
endearing. And repugnant. And encyclopedic. And
infringed upon. You know bestial. Thrice the bladelet.
Scorn. Entrenched. A shut-up's worth of condoning.
Welter. Welt. New weight. The only freedom. Patched. Is
parsed too. Vintner and she does not even drink.

Salt shaker, placing the distractions far away, torpor,
rumor milling around, a morgue in situ

My mother, who taught Latin and music, theorized about the gradual improvement of tone matching. I sang in perfect pitch non-solo vocals. To reveal the tone poem in my heart. My mother pointed out the treble clef framed by her picture window. She showed me how it changed: squirrels and a pair of cardinals in the yard. She took my happiness and drew it on an envelope. I found her Palmer script throughout the house, within a composition notebook where she listed names of all the seven dwarfs. I am a reasonable woman now, a daughter all my life. I listen for the tuning fork never to change. Never to dampen spirits for better and for worse. The time to chaperon a change is now. I take into myself the better distance from a miracle. The sound I crave is whisper proof (of whispers). The kind of music I adore is middle-of-the-night breath, your light snores. Those many ways to bother being safe at all.

Saffron silk, including breeze that offers better views of cover what it protects

How many pronouns does it take to exculpate a noun?
Remind the judge you have no surrogate, no sleeves.
"Until then," is the cliff above these otherwise warm
decibels now lowered to the level Mrs. C can "take" up
on the mountain where her hubby left her. Every gig-
man knows to mute brass bell-age, prior to the time to
celebrate at higher elevations, Upon trump cards and
their built-in trumpets. Strum tones of the banjo mark a
place to cure the curve. A simple plan replaces easy
logic, and the flow gives tenderness a little shove. How
long has your project maintained shovel-readiness? Now
decide upon a distribution method no one's likely to
accept. And well beyond the code of ethics equal to what
one can get away with.

Non-sequiturs that invoke this darting eyesight working
the room overtime

He learns to have apologized. She has taught him to atone for her mis-takes. He writes a text he seeks to have erased. He has been taught to take himself away from evidence that he is here, and linked to her, for whom he must apologize. There are not words enough. She commands that he remove himself, part of herself. She directs that he apologize. She likens him to what she will not be. She reads the mirror in translation. She leaves herself sequestered, as he drives the crowd out of her eyes. She likes the shadows as the wake he leaves her for. She hears the cinders crush when he arrives. The drive would not be smooth. Her eyesight takes in darkness. He endures what seems in part safe. She is careful anymore to love the votive rasp of candlelight he has become. Before the light has dried.

Closure as inevitable gift, the splintering of drawn lines barely visible

I patched together something that was you again. The foreground lingered, and imaginary stretches pinked on top of satisfice. Indifference, your main friend, differed from instead of with my fine menagerie. It is the sylph of chaperones divides us. And your memory, my overtime, my quest, this yarn. If only sacrifice were buried where we locate strength. Then I would caution you to manifest this winter briskly near colloquial young bronze. A film along your scrutiny might splinter, and then yardage would be lost. Someone tracks progress under the auspices of penury. I child while watching an occlusion dry. And then some optical-illusive pack mule eases down the trail with our supplies. If I should talk to you, would you provide clues as to places I might start? A trail of speech divides the cost of doing rinses. And we linger, we confide, we offset-print respective brides.

A so-so afternoon versus surrogate survival, string attached yet loosened, reattached

Ration

Silver of the children cautions candlelight. It is exceptional to wing where slivers chime. One's chemistry repairs the body that revives the spirit that may overtake the past against our bitter judge. The word *entonces* lightens each responsibility. One chastens cleats, then trods. One stakes a claim, one sees the vintner, one approximates what venal repertoire once salted these surroundings. She serves us étouffé it was a gem, as lights triangulated any thought of venturing. Now harmony eclipses volleying, and safety turns to afterthought. As a rule, I compensate for exasperation. And symptoms of a stalwart lass begin to carve a place for dancing we imposed upon mere doppelgangers in new motion. Various contingencies went blank. We nerved the numb feat of the wheel aglimmer. And short-changed obvious contralto venom where it was. When I hear singing I hear temperance. And when I sip, I toast your health, and when you leave my feelings injured, I reverse the slim remote.

Constancy of purpose, wingspan, miles walked amid pale light to think by

Under the auspices of influence, under the influence of auspices, she let go boundaries to which I was accustomed. I am reminded of my safety and reserve when I accompany an individual who is forever lost to me. Because I am, and have been, comfortable is not a sentence. She was not at peace, and she is gone. I promise you I would not change a thing I did not do. I listened and I told her she had nothing she should fear. Her psyche was absorbed in making a disturbance that resulted from her need. I slept a long time and escaped into the night. I knew that there were no activities I wanted beyond solitude. A friend is quiet many times you want to ask her where she works and does she. I then heard a thousand words include repeated words. I warmed the sound, was reminded of a music they would subsequently be. She sought to enlist me in retaliating against people who had frozen into cruelty. How fluid she was not, how innocent she feigned to be. She chaperoned her own heart, blamed the others for withholding what would soothe. Her warm face and modest colored hair. I looked back without feeling. Often I am there. She mentioned generosity attributed to me.

A watch unwound, a wounding, defense de fumer,
change, likeness and tone

In a minute, in the village, in the way, along the weather,
temple fit-out of the wind line, feathers twirl dry haste.
Veil falls from sky. Exceedingly, the instant relays
cleansed miniature mind plots. A curious appearing
window, not quite square. Leisure of hereby looking-in.
Rubbed stateroom entry vowel tones. A vibrato. How we
wait for sustenance, thus blended, in contentment. Tray
left home, to house a plenary retreat. Some stain, some
winter from the sentence left to say a better remnant.
One way of fingering an effete note, reading hold signs.
A long poem rendered via voice alone. Piece played
within the space. A fraction of the tempo laid to rest,
best practice. Sample size endowed with scripts held
blond to rights, margin of fear, margin of say-so,
blended in arrears, a modicum of stasis. Vows and fate
and semblances. The reins let go into a village, gain-
share, housing, window. Forenoon, called a little fate.
Enriching sun in meadow.

Freight drawn across, a fraction of the moon upon a
time line, notes along the snow

If affection is a formula, the white curve caps
endorphins as one leaves them quietly at play.
Qui es in coelis transcends a remark. The sky
is starting to be full. Our lives mirandize all the pattern
that precedes a move definitive. Day meanders into
nightfall. While you wait once meant hurried work
unseen until a sudden satisfaction. Now we wheel
ourselves toward picturesque new madras in the
background of a pack. The only institution we remember
offers a rejoinder. I just learned she performs
transduction. Furnishing incentive to encompass bee
spheres of delight. Perfume is how we are again. The
leisure between talk time and repair of what surrounds
us. One of these days we will outlive our dreams.

Kismet as a polished dream, the vast field energized
by an impromptu kiss

Yours is a convivial restraint, apart from plaudits.
Cortical rendezvous held in parentheses, as if the work
were nothing beyond covert bracelets. Norms. A
variance of kilt. The window near the wind. Predicate
norm. In fact, unfastened. Fast asleep. You show your
loyalty by chiming in. You show your sheepliness by
corresponding. I won't purchase your endorsements of
inclement votive warmth. Abundantly *abuelas* finger
flutes. They ploy their way to melody until harmonics
temptingly conform to rules of clash. One floats from
home front easily, until one flat-out leaves the place. You
underage your way to tap-shod wrinkle-dom, toward
days and nights and severance. The Pleiades invoke their
own rhymes while we weather staunch lit storms. The
view perfects itself, apart from eyelight set to form.

Shade trees, acorns, mash upon the yard, cleats, tennis
shoes, minced freedom

Slips easily from view, conscious eye view, trembling near the source, deciding (the decision) to remove the sole rebuke of silence. Would a pond amount to sleeves one troubles in and out of? See vibrato in the foliage. See bronze elaborate on autumn. See an altruistic garment slide from hollow. Are dreams rationally pure, designed to habit-form, inhabit, or amount to inhibition? Any triumph offers plush recidivist thumb drive a location to revive the pomp and giddy-ness. The get-up, the commotion one imbibes, then falsifies to yield results. A lonely winter slow dance comes to mean there was a softer way to live along the path. The path, synonymous with lifetime as we know. A pitch, thought pure, a highlight.

Tremolo misplaced along a grace note, young composer, fully formed

I go there to be quiet, then I hear commemorative stamps bequeath a prior victory where dollar bills are used to patch a lighthouse. That we may each find function. Core strength on trial, truncated peace in form of passage. Riled out of habit. Stroller-strong in-text citations manifest the lame untruth of syllabi. By night, by dimpled daytime. All the wherewithal of letting go possessions farmed to ebay as an emblem of the missing borders. How is peace a thing? Memoirs extract their shame. Contagion falls prey to the wallet free of clogging. While the ample territorial undress remaindering appears at a wide angle. Dour against the granular infection. Norms, plaudits, sums of squash court in the nimble hesitation that breaks bread without a shim of martial arts.

Nomen-clash, the sure bet of commiserating with the dragnet pulse

Teach (to think) while lavender already snowed upon the center field of industry (that poise). Offer a cinder, that I might uptake sweet (sweet) proprietary form. Are you arguably strong, is there elan in your past tense? If you would only frame responsible opposing. . . defeat means someone else (bequeathing) leaves her words mid-breath. In depth the seasonal indifference recalls a void. The syntax and the homily and tamped sea foam. Or roasted laver to the finest . . . one relives one's view, despairs of change. The tree one climbed, one wintered near the cover of a magazine with gray. All eyesight, were the words she used for me. She look at only my intensity. She asked how will this one endure. How will she sit up and take food. How will water taste. Will she survive. There are no questions. There is a life span. There are letters. Leaves taken for their betters in an image. The seed keeps (flowering). Fraction to fraction. The behest of someone's mind, that person's life. A structure or a surface or equivalent of cubic feet.

Lean-to, all the items gone, a system translated to dual-term reality

Unceasing tree light in the mid-range as if story-laden sacrifice were drawn by hand, and suddenly surprising warmth could stay. I tell my sit-com anchor that the welding will just wait. When we are ready, branches can be joined as virtually as eyesight will endure. Is accuracy famous? The crowd is willing, but the heart still leaks self love. The only metric on the threshold of a dousing in the iceless river is fluidity. Who sanctions inner space? If cubic feet were verified, one could depend upon the depths. If food supply assumed more color than the garden's, we might last. A dress rehearsal needs no dress, apart from pantomimeo, regression, and the lurking of a manager. Now and then, it's daytime. When the supernatural resumes its pleasant temps. Copy that. Define a little thing like morning when the inclination comes.

Rapport, weeds occupying gardens, no more social playthings, only faces making or absorbing sotto light

Refuse to simplify, and I will treasure silence. Take my pulse, and I will overcome your remedies until the charts bleed safeguard of the wrestled-down complexity you thought. I owned a curfew I removed from sheriff's odyssey, and now your job has croaked. Is there a inference somewhere between leaves of nepotryst? I sense you shadow all the prophets you have claimed to see. Remember how we felt a spree of link-fests come to breathe our dotted-Swiss, our cable-knit wool viscerals, our oleander pith helmets, our breezeways grown together, and novels we claimed to have read? I guess your shapely sightseeing has been bread. I guess we have to match a stranger's plaid to seem a piston in a dowry. Or the magi come and overlook what we have spun. Now I whistle straight-man lineage. I host or I concede. I damage the invective I can hear, not see. When you are in the mood to reap rapport, come back to me. Toward this seasonal small shift, this splay, this kinesthetic fray.

Child chewing on a snake, its mother shrieking for the neighbors while she warms a jar of milk

Every sentence in an age group starts with "so." A subset of said sentences fills spaces interrogative. Factual material on its way to full erasure is positioned thus, and scholars everywhere consider something else. For instance, narrative revulsion. Sonnetry. Awaiting monikers, in a list of conversations soon predictable versus unexpected. Virtual restraint. She described a clot trying to move through a tired vein. Thinking hurts us all. As velvety mistakes are touched with ease. The roles we occupy invoke our shouldering long ribbons of task. Together, unless forced, we brave through obstacles. Those polar avenues grown tighter, shift magnetic holds on what comes next. Until we gravitate, we will have broken stride belonging to another in our club.

Bracken, sorts of violets, earth tones, viable retakes

Cornu-copulate

Intellectual return of serve aligns with landfill
on the news, as though the frosted child with sentences
removed appends alertness to the frame. Now the tempo
has been raised, the situation offers foresight, chance
repeal invigorates, while shirking customary dowry.
Syllables strung together fall on harsh gravel.
Tormented fleet of foot young athletes trample
accidental obstacles. Pull the plug and plug it in again.
Privilege is its own worse happenstance. The live
remorse refuses jury duty. In a pinch, she leaves her
humor at the door. Voice lessons from now, you'll feel
yourself beholden to our mercy. Just around the corner,
Feng Shui domiciles remove addenda where simplicity
would be. We speak hosanna here apart from facing the
tribunal with its shelves of bronzed supplies.

Absolution concurrent with ablutions, piety astride some
random norms

Lamp, finer than the quiet, low breath on a hill, just here. A quasi silence of the fields and nearby cave. Whatever permanence appears, we clasp facsimiles of brain again, a wild soft pace of walking on young paths. She would whisper that her energy had passed. Now freedom owns its price. I used to sing, the shape of Latin roots would cry, our depths of understanding crossed axes. Now pain, first part of paint, obscures the facts. A will to have existed samples what we might give up when asked. I live here, nourished by a furnace, glyphs dwindling where they were. The land has peaks, sheds bravery. The limits of our cravings chastise few of these tall birches. Look at the lake, feel slopes and whistle notable excursions back to music I was taught, I tell myself. I limber for your touch. I limit reason to inimitable justice as I fashion it from small things within reach. Each creative act is framed by scraps I had dismissed. Each morning, I view a symbol, green, on screen, to show the play occurring. Haiku waiting to be scooped up to absorb long need. As if harmonic breath responded to a common quest.

No such thing as same ole same ole, mantra with its quirks, replete with live invention

I like boring [where the art begins] you
cope. I cope when in the mood [I'm in the mood]
watch out [something about] to be discovered
will be drained [the discoteque] the ample
strings [the wood the plate glass proxy plum]
in northern ways [I take my drama to the bake off]
I size up gem stone tones [in traction toward]
arpeggios released. The more I pickle phrases
the more promptly they come home as language lab
drops curls where dry lines cross the place where
rivers were. I gently touch the top of every trail
until my shoulders glide into the seat where I have
settled like a pioneer who dreams no boundary. I think a
weightless clump of grass will grow if given time if
offered space if left alone, just as we each take time and
traipse across a lifeline until gravity makes haste and we
know things we should have learned at least once more.

Field greens, pronouncing "no" the first time, life
perceived, unless, apart from, as without a seed

Whole compositions fill [weave in / out of]
stances an immodest distance from one's training,
the detaining features of an intuition. Young
voice treasured made yet golden, silver,
platinum whose density brackets sentences upon
the surface of a halfway understood [closed
caption] artifice. Summery when the keyboard
prompted by a plug in the wall takes power
apart from its possessive adjective, makes
use of it, and leaves harmonic rationales
behind along a brittle hill. She wore a hat,
she spoke in tongues, she defined the atmosphere.
Vision is its own detention period. In lambent
situ, forested or strained. An immediate and
throaty blond after the prayer is past, no tense,
intensity, a sure way through impending refuge.
Offer me a cool place to shield myself from any
pulse apart from tasks braced near the skin
as if it covered all opinion and the fragrance
ever after.

Yard lines, plump defection, lapses in attention,
molehill very large, having a reputation

She plants herself where she will never grow. From where she can insist from a cappella stance the many objects she desires, and all her offspring can be put to use. She watches everyone's development come to a halt. She virtuosically complains that everyone who's doing thing things is or has offended her. She is a ritual, an albatross, a catch-all sadness lodged in human form. A purgatorial particular. She ruins hours, days, and weekends, martyring the psyche she has held while dragging disappointment to all locales her body reaches. When possible she holds still in the car, sends someone in to fetch what has inspired the drive across geography. She looks out of cruel eyes to discover what is wrong in everybody else. There is no verb behind her skin. Merely insouciance where passion might have lived. A safety valve protects her disapproving way of thinking, feeling, recollecting where adventure might hve pressed ahead into the lovely wind. Perfunctory displeasure catches whom she knows and can infect. Inflections do not show, they yield to meciocrity. She reveres what does not challenge. She sleeps before her intimate tv.

Graying atmosphere, spun stories, cleats untied against the wall, a tainted chaperone

Cashmere whiplash while the cello played longhand
toward midrash during every venture. Brash lapels
close by restrained the urge to backtrack as a wide
berth had been taken toward our home. Granules held,
to fill an easy history to fit a mold caress might be heard
in minor key. The lariats came lean upon the thought
shields as discussion halted. Then mildew was forgotten,
and the slivers of duress seemed whole by way of mental
force, equivalent in telling to an urgency. I take my
chapters to a generation with no letter sweater earned. I
sleep against the curve of a chaste crook in your arm that
keeps me safe as silhouettes held in the natural sleeves
of pulp. We care for how we were and what we might
imagine we will be again.

Symphonic breezeway, luxe simple as the saying
of its name, our way of opening a prior thought

All is crafted to the lazy eye. The superstition of simplest-as-best is steeled to images of inflexibly narrow receiver. Nothing wide. He/she yelps, and others notice, if reluctantly. Nothing subtle moves. Nothing living grows. Slimmer remains better and yield mutes the vibrant plenty. All intake, soft into the unimagined. Would we have touched. The interrogative renditions of an exclamation, quiet each emergency. Now what. Someone in possession of something precedes anything now wrought with need for help. And prepositions have nowhere to go. Whose license is spared the facts. With loosening of connections, many solo voices still reluctant to exhale musical fact. Even staccato. No legato lives here.

Euridice, apart from franking privilege, semaphore

Spoke of hands, she. Touched when quiet, as the loved one. Quieted before resisting the temptation to be breath again. Again. And as she felt the thin pulse, everything came home. This room in which. Small moments would be here. Because enough, the still construction. Walls and siding. As if not spring. The windows, double-paned. Talk left where it is. The story offered to the ears of others who are friends. Equals reflection. And the look from elsewhere at enclosure. To explain where not required. Friends who have been friends always. Many proofs, in many ways, to show your work. As evidence of having lived. This name attached. To money situation. The endowment poured down into a departure. People just continue. Both affected by and not. Again a residue of what is left when, if. A solo voice. And then another. Then.

Surrender, ad hoc, patterning, a test, nothing at all

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Surrender, ad hoc, patterning, a test, nothing at all

He settles me. The dampness quiets; in a little while
solfeggio remands our early light to an impromptu
darkness. Anywhere I look, he has already swept sadness
away. I routinely leave the look where I imagined.

Whose soft petals of the yellow-orange daisies we will
keep, for whose sake? She was birthed to me, her name
began with . . . in a dream I could see each of them, alert,
alive, and part of me. Weeds occur to target blossoms. I
recover what was left to me, and wall off the oncoming
vehicles. Whose damage prompts committee work
where infancy is thought to hurry to our rescue. Here is
who we are among the woodwinds and percussion.
Canvas, strokes of wax. The prayer one ought to hold
repeals agreement. Now indelible refrains, unmasked,
give way to an invented purity. I sort the strands as if
inventing how they match their former selves.

In-situ, rumored breathing, stasis as fanatical,
regression therapy

He wore seersucker a cappella with his doctorate wrapped around a buckskin attitude. Affection hastens altitude when we erupt into unlikely selves. He read a novel she read, then each wrote (off) another. The lime green lapidary forethought distanced altruistic waves of mercy wasted on the have-nots who inhabited a patch where signs all read "soft shoulder." Whose one shoe is this? She heard a quiet in his voice. He offered a call back just when the mountains stood between the alternating paths. A toggle corners what gets sorted. As a rule, progenitors have normally been janitors whose offspring wane just prior to these children of their own who conquer depth. Perception of slow-moving vehicles defines life forms requiring large resuscitation. Poached egg beings lulled from one mall to the next. Malignancy repairs to open space to tweet shallow opinions passed off as contemporary passion trailing through a breathing apparatus.

Mantra without wind, as moments come in waves,
unknown

The majesty (his majesty) revokes itself while he observes the trees and shoots and little blades of grass. For he is partial to the wholeness. Even its infancy in spring exceeds experience. The measure of the man, the fresh, lithe possibility of new ways to emerge. Sun shines across his face. He does not notice. He absorbs the sun, his skin accepts, and he has changed during the little while that he is here. If daylight is a sacrament, he does not notice, fear, or hold desire. A breeze comes then to brush the surface of the lawn. Whatever manicure adjusts the natural path, he knows as scenery until the light smoothes down into another land. The flow is dance, unless he walks away from knowing. Unless he lives apart from what is learned.

Chalk, vapor, sandstone, stark until new cycling

A preponderance of sang-froid pandered to its inner ruse. Can you hear me now? A rich old tirade made the cut and moved on to the final foray. Now and at the hour of our earnestness, you send up a business plan for "Pie R Squared," to taunt taste (buds) seeking own(ed) beneficence. When she was young, she tried to seem a smidge lonely so the Greek god type would lastingly approach. Encroaching turned out to be her hobby. Neighbors wore their indicators blinkety, and shrill tones rubbed her the wrong weigh station. Commas fell into a pool treated as mind-child-of-the-sacred-sperm-trust. Wait until you hear a breath mark, then leap into the conversation where you won't be stopped, declared the parent, full of envy. Be brutal to competitors who don't yet know your name. And thus a simple Saturday went on beyond itself. The rush of color spattered the page with 13 of the retired colors once included in an early box of 64 crayolas.

Puppy lovelet, "in a minute, honey," charm school, elocution, intermittent intermittency

Whipped cream, title of the fabric pink in moderation.
Thin, young arms match forecast of a dry day, looking
out across the lawn. In speech, resuscitation. Wind
elapsed, bead of an already smooth skin. Effort equal to
an effortless preemptive laugh. Sudden whim recovers
silence to replaces with sweeter means. By any mode one
senses, venial recursions. Sotto swiftness of a boyfriend
or a thought, line drawing made of steam. Wince and
chortle and revive the neighborly long walk. Her motion
kismet, an affrontery, the limits of pronunciation. White
against her skin, or doubling of the sky. A musical
notation blears the eye. Sight reading sends up the
assignment. While the teacher reads results. The mood
goes on, social promotion hastens an unseemly zero
depth. And midnight, just beyond the flip of any coin.

Choice, as if, or leafage, or a customary mulch,
predictive value of what purportedly will grow

Before much else occurs, I place my hands upon the ciphers, and I pry away the adages that each may tremble into. As if a vacuum holds the most persuasive draw. This morning, yesterday's gray cast has been replaced by moderato yellow light. Ways to plant the thought of now into some future moment slip into the current capabilities I think are here. With the rectangular appearance of the hours, available momentum taps into the willingness I lead toward easier, deliberate fresh water that will weigh something. I take a leave of absence from centrifugal force, also. The handsome waylaid tasks embrace me back, because I say so. If a dowry, then a human being to match. The zither of abundant music lands to shift the psyche. How I want to table nothing. And the land, the waves, all ways of going nowhere, while the distance can be brought home toward inherent fact.

Campsite, mountains, bowl, the fingering for high C on a flute reputed to be platinum

She painted fear with one color, then a few. She painted fear with her perfume. In Shalimar. Mere Joy. Resilient blends that crafted back time that would fill the space between the seen and recollective clock face. She wore angora, and the conversation went to young wool, plump wool, she relented after saying she would capture heaven as she'd drawn it freehand. She was teaching us to be afraid of how an unseen enemy might work. She coined the phrase, mastered a contrarian view. She spoke apart from dialect in shock. She said a force would change her, and the story from this point became not good. She warned of the infringement upon youth, despite the tuning of an instrument resembling a line dance. What of the enforcement will be left when we are perfect in the view of shoulder-length beatitudes? The story tries to print itself in prose. An index trying to bespeak the volatility that comes crashing in the dormitory windows where imaginary children fall from lives that do not know them.

Wind that needs translators, wind eclipsing plain speech, the way a father speaks in probabilities where parables might be

for Peter Ganick

Any morning traffic takes the air into consecutive arrangements, trying treble clef, viola clef, breath drums, quiet in the polished dark. Watch each bottlebrush along the walk. The word for weeds that should be jewelry makes the yard a globe. The place to pay admission is the mind, where rock formations dry after an overdose of winter. Birds call substance, birds call voiced stringed instruments whose residue will linger in our minds. Whatever namesake strives to take apart the leaves written in declarative blue ink will no doubt transmit the sanctity of city streets. That may be watered or relieved as fate turns noticeably weaker than the pale parade of happenstance. Now the flowers we elect to train our eyes to see become a ritual before they go unnoticed in the foreground of some gray divisible. As actuarial tables rise to smooth out expectations bottled as they are before our constant celebration of supposed independence.

Fireworks, foster exploration, cloud cover prior to assignment of a name

Maybe no more lively than the rest. A patch, yes, sequel to the unborn lanyard. What is there, what is presumed to catch the eye of onlooking observists? Chain cleats in a long row, venturing to Canada, to the U.K., to watch otherwise interred. The lanky celebrants conceal their vigor and their storm surplus awareness in favor of an ardent revelation of the armor. Who has been responsible up until now? All voyaging is strained. And conversation. Let him be awhile. The married man has turned to shelter for his pliant twenty-five year old unseated rival. Yes again. A spate of sentimental value looms. What instrument are you reputed to have played, and why? She is so innocent, your choice. She is a brave young vortex who repeats your zeal. If anyone protects her, you will seek his banishment. What century are we still in, and are its sentiments a match for your invigorating held beliefs? One poses questions or just poses. What has been imposed is furtive. And the priests, the priests are jealous of your having no known creed. They season how they are and when they work and why the loyalty has outgrown its attendant quirks.

Sombrero, overtones, a playing field, redress

Omens washed the spit side of an omnibus without our incandescent knowing. Parchment notwithstanding straight talk nimbles its way forth. Indentured servitude on a taut leash chalked with gray sequins. Rashes of ice lose figure- ground relationship as if any noble carnival were missed. *Into the divinity we grow shoulders.* Taffeta, remunerative sliced teak, and a voice coach recuse themselves from honest feed. A realistic painting made of nesting caulks the corner edge, a kind of skin feel to the library. At this point, skipped beats leave the metro(nome) cold wheat. Curated by the seat of panting and retreat. *She says she likes a-lonely naptime.* Shores are swindled edge about to dis-. Strokes gone staccato vary in intensity called magna carte blanche. Norms repudiate adventure when a middle-aged soprano spoils them back into un-fashion. *Remind me to give birth.* The satchel full of wilderness sporadically plucks empty space from where no flower ought to grow. *Hence* becomes the only work worth sifting from a wide expanse of sovereign grass.

Intellectual odd jobs, dignity in pantomime, a resumé resembling an éclair

Here is what I do (is what I am). I take the driver's test online, first time in six years, only this time in the ether, near a cup of coffee, strip searching the internet for what it caught today and let go as reflexively as though it were a fisherman. And what I am is what I may not do again: urge motivation, when the feeling is not mutual. All feeling has to brush up against repeat signs that would confiscate a freedom once proposed. The only people I'm uncomfortable with are those who do not fathom what they have become. Is what they are the same as what they do? Only their atmospheric subcommittees know for sure. A surety bond becomes a coma that belongs to someone else. A comma that beleaguers English teachers who would rather be in Bali for a time. The metronomes around us seem sub-par, likely due to makers. Marks upon the sides of buildings tell us we are only children who will be identified as wearers of a signature gold watch. Today someone I love called me an adult. I don't know what I do (is what I am against the grain). The rain pressed into service all across a continent. The fervor and the whipsaw and the citizen's arrest prompted by all play no work. Everywhere the continent abides is how we follow compass points as though we liked the voice of GPS Jermaine. Now quizzical repudiation tells one person she's a different model from the other. We thought we would keep a hundred of this brand before our sentences ran out. She was a mood all by herself. The recollective playthings that endowed her faultline with a strip one might accuse

of interruption. Here is what I was, the verb to be alerting me to take back each prediction and live something quite unplanned. I do the things I threaten I would say if you failed to intercept my reflexes from selves of worn out nicknames of one syllable. For now the course is not best practice, merely promising, yet on the list. Her mania is how I threaten to survive. There'll be a downside any day now. I am hunched within the basement cabinets, holding a short candle and a dish. Can opener right near the metal cabinet where these soups have lived as long as I.

Un-syncopated outcomes, the anticipated curve of vowels once bounded by their consonants, a broth, an engine, the failure of cease and desist

She wears negative green, a necklace pale against her skin looks bladed in. We had a conversation once. Bereft of a philosophy. Each moment in that room slapped itself out of a stifling boredom. She was sneaking out into the corridor where everyone applauded her opposing view. Here's how she decided what she was, whose fault and so forth. Every tip of midnight she would gather back as though a ball of string had rolled into the room where cats slept, for it was their room. When photographs emerged, cats were revealed where you might like to see some flowers. She feigned ignorance of her signature unhappiness until I promised I would frown with her for several hours if she would just agree to be erased from my mentality for good. I'm often only blunt enough to lift into the sky when chase vehicles approach in search of a balloon. A fat enough balloon to make the wizard seem a reasonable person. Any day now you are going to see me go to work in my own home. I plan on being far from all the little pins she keeps to make sure no one has the requisite supply of air for possibilities.

Crawfish, laminated shuffling, onlookers, the world of not enough attention

The mantra has been retracted. In the garage, a thrip inverts momentum. Commentary blocks loud noises otherwise. Intention as a black hole sorts blancmange and feathers. *May you be waltzed across the drawn blue season.* Demitasse and foregone clues. In only moments, the endorphins will have sprigged their way to stature of an independent clause. Whose form of worthiness achieves the point of squealing? I invert your patience with my knowing glance. I offer you a trance-lift when a surfeit of our mercy camps out on the water's edge. People talk. They splay their views into retorts. I hope to patronize, said one. I hope to fraternize, said two. I hope to individuate my long-held thought of wanting what I need, said three. Now you have the story. In narration one repairs to drawing. Roomy little patches of the psyche blanch, right when we know they will be pearly. And conglomerates are thirsty, now and at the hour. A venture cap is op-cit to the nervy. In a New York moment, we abhor our betters. Chancing volume over speed.

Insectual reverberation, at a moment's "no," and now

Kindness, unrehearsed, will earn you playthings. The nearest winter takes its place where sets are planted. Usual displacement falters where a splinter rests its head. A tissue you requested falls to make a flower. Now I trust the wingspan of a youth who claims to own the body prior to its sacrifice. I repair to any corner yet unclaimed, that I may understand my student who defines me. Look into this sheaf of leaves, too green to turn. Watch safety be dissolved. The only reason I have left our common area is to know why we designed it. What thought can compare to physical unrest? Only recollection stalls where history is claimed. Art is destined to remain an embryonic nightmare no one dares to trace. Explosives threaten to mature, we glisten in concert with shared fear. The feast of grace notes plies its trade upon these pretty lambs who've lost our clothing. How many instances of store-bought proof have we accumulated at threshold of a meadow?

Shawl, a temperature for walking unaccompanied, a city very far away from this fresh skin

My connectivity distorts your intact rain until I tell you
breath depletes engagement with informal death.
Perception of per capita remunerates that sinking flock
of breadlines. An interruption glyphs the wall instead of
sky paint. Lonely loss of wine bar, winter, walleye, seed.
These drying things remind how many curiosities have
been remanded to a folder between fingers of the
sherpas and the deans. A clock strikes eyesight with a
tone too bright to read. I'm thinking you bemoan
rejoinders of all kinds. I hear loneliness in your
protectorate. The species you adorn by way of
fatherhood, a fine line between faith and cloistering
one's prayer, redacted by the mother who refuses to
arrange a screening. Voice implies restraint distinctly
different from a discipline attributed to selves. I winter
in the north, to know these trees beyond the trees.
Whose latitude amasses guilt portending reciprocity
again.

Mind attributed to motion, pulse of the beloved, safety
deprecating, and the lion's share of something gone

I have traveled via train to be your low priority. I have wrestled brambles to become your low priority. I have practiced woodwind rests to seem your low priority. Now it will be winter everywhere I am your low priority. The shaven birch denotes your low priority. Skinned trees I have climbed to be your low priority. Even in sunshine I remain your low priority. The tanned skin I release by way of habit is your low priority. Do you take this woman as your low priority. The sun hat keeping out the shade your low priority. Sea shine, sand shells, salt taste, low priority. Invincible, your inclination to construct me into your hand crafted low priority.

Asymptote, hand-carved ontology, a field division

It should not be time to go to sleep. The white clock can be pushed to yield a glow of time we might agree upon, an early hour. Seasoned by consensus gravity. In time, we elbow our way toward, or imitate, a stream. Or lie still unto the quiet summer insects further drying in an even atmosphere. I grow accustomed to the stylus. Patent pending emergencies-to-come release within us everything without. I hold you in my evening arms and bless the silence you have wrought. As god is. My witness protection sounding gallant as the poise the nubile penitents refuse to leave away. I take my centerpiece of heart in vain, and punctuate its calculus. If I were bread, I would have been substantiated or transcendent, in your words. I live tossed in your words, and I arrive at various precise mathematical points where I derive allotted pleasure that is mine, by statute. I salute you for your aged heart rubbed new again. I invoke the presence you relax into, call it my running stream, my indivisible aspiration, my annunciation. Years are little showcases that remind me of the temperate smooth clock. I touch its face, as I remove my concentration. Water is like this. Air so resembles other elements. The earth is what the fire relieves. Void hastens our arrival. Wind carries us through every tense. Saplings, degrees of viscosity, the flow one may resist

Impossibly slow-going effort in redacting via poking into others' feeble hiding spots. If that's a sentence, I may qualify for broadcast vocal quality. This mensch of a didact mentors me. Dividing line between us copes. We scope our flowers on the wall to be thin-layered in our wake. Away with you, barked the officer. I'm twice your share request. The beeline made, once fathomed, has crippled its play-through dialect for you, for me, for hearsay. Ivor Winters wintered here. A withering respect for notebooks, young and bald, goes with us through the grad school grind. A diag laced with smoke, apart from rings, finesses how we work. We work through this and that canary when we fortify. Conjugate that wilderness, said popelets in the dark room. Vote for me, said Mary. Find your way to peat moss toying with the rusted compass. When new neighbors hatch, remind them of referrals. Then the custom of the costume of the welding pros begins to mean iambic pent-up grace. One move in my direction, and I'll fault you to the next authority. I see your name along my left side, noting I am always on the busy, at the ready, on the house. She sat, meaning she prayed, or there were babies to be watched. She watched, thereby recorded her young silence, as if any number of interpreters were there to verify. You like this mind, then put in a pre-order, and there will be shares and shares alike.

Costume *jouissance*, a major seventh to your spouse for tapping into violet detente

She asked the softest questions about number I believed were hard as future rust. I learned from what she asked, my answers would soon dry. In the room with us was canvas, stretched across some wooden bars. I worked on composition far from challenges. She wondered whether I had saved, and I acknowledged that, of course, a little bit. She warned me not to fear. I bore the nickname *Baby Angel*, as it fit my clothes. It fit the future beyond old paths. A color I had not pronounced came forth, as wind propelled. The loft felt full of sleep. Accordingly, the light diminished where it had served. And color fell across the page. Whole green endowments strained to have occurred. No minute after breeds the needed math. Stalled wisdom rises from the place before one looks away. Wholeness per usual, deferred.

Auras derived from their root systems, mild glow above the underground, and you there, silvery or so

Would you imagine I drift into overdrive, a thankless ledge? Here in the movie place, where syllables reach out to panhandlers, I keep my visor washed. As though shadows might reveal new synonyms for reckless pleasure felt without a word in sight. "Can you hear me from the 101, sweet young Olympic darling?"

Wanderlust means hammock envy, dontcha know?" It's feeble how we do not walk until there is a carrot at the end of various canals. Come slumber near the demitasse of urgent keepsake clasp. You call her clingy. I call her "snapped out" of resplendent frenzy. Any old sycamore will do beside her teacup full of wine. Wind socklets purge near neighbors of their curiosity. The shop sold curios, I dreamt of merging with its partial wingspan just before the war of cast aspersions. Dimsdale, provost, harsh tint, glory. Keep my vine desirably unclimbed. The tempo of the tempest in arrears, was that a mere incline? Hosts are many, shows are few. The ray of sunbeam totaled facts until accompanying engines withered into dust.

Chaparral for chaperones, in our very midst, a mist of easterly perfume

Hair now light wheat hue, and wind goes ninety-nine degrees to sprinkle tones from chimes outside my neighbor's door. "Cooler today, a bit," say radios. I'm fastened to the desk I love. The keyboard soon will be replaced. Mid-week, no sign of conclusion. In an hour, it will be time to wrap up scansion and its monstrous revelations. Each day, calls for proposals elevate desire beyond usual weeds. Summer remains a grand time for endowments. Crops mature in unison with pioneering spirits, as ancestral sleeves. As though immune to in-vogue sentiments, the unraveled pleasure of firm stasis. All the threats have names we can pronounce and speak through in the form of an informal bond.

Chalices planted on shelves, dry season, comaraderie enough to go around

More of the daylight, equalized, occurs in lullabies.
Pacific shingles lattice how the source is built. More
shields sinking means the premises are locked down as
the antonym of our mentality. More of the dampness
breaks away from surfaces, minds filled with other
minds. More tonnage fortifies smooth walks across the
vast place codifying feasts and whelps. More yarn, more
lodes to muse upon, about, around. More gardens
than the eye can count. More of the same estrangement.
More feeble in the freshness near tormented gardens.
More of appearance-driven heat and swarms and stay-
put butterflies.

Miranda rights, modalities, mown hay drawn sheets of
mercy

Stilts or minus signs, splintered, though the walk.
Shades two filed motion overneath combed palo verde
transom. Lockstep garden in redactive mesh. This
window of a new house I keep seeing no reflective glass.
The sprinkler's somewhere on. I know what warmth I
know. A silver kind of keepsake and a globe in the
garage. Symphonic. Why do what is done yet? Stultifying
overthrow. The crumbs kept for the king and lapsed
imagination. Comatose at once. And stillness for the
measured share of this dumbfoundery. He bought
volumes to prepare me for a shallow brush against
implaneture. How warm wool is basted to the
touch. My precious metal premonition.

Portion control, sweetness only at a distance, the breath
of one

This opiate of weeping that she does inflects. And fairly propped young integers relieve us of our shift. All ironing notwithstanding, a perk point five is what we pour across our druthers anymore. My surface takes to one-one-two when sans humidity I walk you walk she walks we warm to you to them, and constitutionals go free. In the early moment of this century the weeds grow plentiful, we pluck their strings. Our Leonard man has gone, she heard him on the first day he stood before symphonic space. Stiff uppers scoffed. His coffers would be overfilled as our events would be seen through. No matter how geography plays hay against the moon, we take our chaperones still riveted by openings. I write to twelve different metronomes. The droning wheat tones smudged by wind are otherwise drawn things. The young man who phoned announced that he had lived through what I cannot know. New engine has been ordered, will be built next week. Our aftercare is poise. The moment a lament begins, we clear the other noise. My say-so turns your usual brisk song. I take you at your word. The entr'acte repairs to private places, full-term luxe.

Mere divinity, the way I ask you to recall scenes to our left

Lapel pins rinsed in blood form abstract playthings on the creased part of an overlay. His arms in bronze are generally capable. Now and early go distinctions between tongue and tungsten. He reads matter-of-frack questions from a clipboard. One of us will pay the gent in polyester for the right to stand beneath these awnings stretched a gel green. We stay put, practicing arpeggios the way that mother used to fake. I talk to studio audiences like you. I tell my history, and listen for skeptical minds to overflow with cryptic jabs. Stick figures puncture when we're noticing other flings. And now you may observe a flicker of our jaundiced pace, when we feign special intentions as if unisonly sprung from shared footage on these pavement squares. An officer in navy starts to point out sins, for which I answer via gratitude by wearing white. I tell my grace notes of your grace's face fall when the usual exterior goes spliced. Now ticket-free, my record holds a place along the leaf-lined rite of passage.

Donations to the library, countess with a whisper of a name, a fresh hue to the upstart

When I feel poor, I buy as many gigabytes as I can capture, in as tiny a container as is made, then I am old wealth leaning into futures that depend upon my thought, my words, deed done. Then for the moment I am Hildegard von B, I'm in a Wendy kind of spree, I know my art, my art knows . . . and the hammock of immensity drives home run praxis to the pale scope of the full moon in a prior season. Look at all the space I can't describe. The feeder schools. The impact no one speechifies. The step "validify" that BC named this ay em while we thought about the flunking privilege inside language arts. It's been a dray hued day formed out of what I say. And many ministers of many functions dip their fingers in the extreme unction of it all. You play gold mine keys, I say believe this hunch. I take your grace to lunch. Amid a swervy kind of roundelay. We ship shape our way beyond beneath beforehand and we simply play.

Long live, long life, long story, no strife

I think you ought to notice how I got here, if you must. The sole prerequisite I dare mention is this homemade map you did not make. One that wrinkles the way the other wrinkles, not the sort of fresh new folds yours would have shown. I want you to relish how this map defines for you the first location that I did not know, the one replete with people who insisted they knew me. Acorns popped when low October flame occurred to them. I liked smoke when I walked and where I rode. That was how I found out various ways in which I never was myself. The quality of entity most often happens as a fractional restraint. Like one of those games you are assigned to play to show that everyone's related to all others. Where you walk around with one flat piece of cardboard chopped, and make small talk with others in the faint event they might help. When you pretend you are enjoying what is impossible to like. With people you don't blame at all. So take that map and figure out where you are not. This is the way to start relinquishing the Heisenberg that would represent you if you really loved the theory. You see, I'm older than you look. I'm younger than I am. You're actually my child, and I was just born to your mother. Take my facts and place them in a blender. Find yourself a flute and duke it out with some policeman who will ticket you if my predictions for your future come to life. Which is to say, repair your expectations, because of all the self-hood in the house. Where rules will louse up how you frame your past.

Until you know that you don't matter and don't mind, no matter how fast and how far, no matter what you think you might in retrospective future tense have started off to want.

All sentences that start with *so*, hand-holding even with air shadows, purportedly desiring and with various imitations of emergency

Who has a father anymore? My own, your own, the moving so reliable and loved and author of so many fragments that instill full symphonies of finance, reason and apportioned nationality. How can instinct join another instinct perfectly? Glass we bother to have polished, furnish glimmer to the real. How spirit wants to glide onto its edges. I miss him so. Who knew my humor, formed it, proxied perspicacity until it caught. What I would give for his contagion of perfection, all its costs. I watch another father's insufficiency. I long for perfect anchor. Perfect warmth in hands that live their kindness, work their wills, place themselves upon another's hand, and turn to generosity. This picture in the flesh, capacity to know sensory beauty in the garden, at the market, in full voice. A harsh insistence upon all we are and can become, his mastery. His word, "Who would test me?"

Academic prowess, sparse furnishings of spiritual depth, full knowing of specifics that make strategy a poem

Boy man chances how he weathers what his father cannot (understand). A rapture of a moment of this younger mercy chaps the legroom of a faux drop of old blood somewhere. Nothing is for keeps. The father mourns what has not happened yet. The mother overdoes her fate. As if she turned to god in her spare time. The metronome once washed in vinegar eludes our pride. I used to practice, and I used to teach. I used to organize the lattices. My only reach was cured by what I had invented out of time. And now at last I'm young. I take my prior temperature and throw it out. I take tempura from the fridge and I deform it. I allude to betters as if they had occurred because of me. The word *solipsis* used to buffet me. I wrote to Jim who does not live now. I informed him that the pressure valve might have been swatted deaf. He used to *symphony* when I behaved. I'd go back and *reprehense* a self, half customed. The way a voice when young was honey blond. The way she sounded when I worked at my devaluation. Now and then, the fingering for A-flat chides me. I think platinum. I think gold is work. I grow accustomed to the silver on my sofa, and I cry. I watched the woman who gave birth to me mourn who her talent was, and I was swayed by rationales I tried to earn. They could not fit me, but I stretched reversely into them. What does not hurt may not be true, I thought.

Continuum, maternal instinct thought to be protection,
that same inclination merely reflex
Woven into the embedded sequel to an
independence . . . growth, visceral this summer.
Wind in the vernacular . . . puddles some by green and
oil-stirred latitude, comeuppance. Afar becomes from
whence . . . endeavor, unexplained, relapses into an
intent. *Nobody collides with poems anymore*. What is
done versus what is wanted. Debonair retraction of the
honest moment limps from view. At present, hollow
sounds recall authorities, prefaced by *the*, who arrive in
tandem to recite a string of questions. To remove a
blockage that prevents procession from one place into
another. Always, the elite perform their hatred of dutiful
groupies who obey lightweight batons. A priestless lift
suggests a short trip to the garden with a wheelbarrow of
erasers. Getting to work, making change, deciding how
and when to quit. Replacing the imagined angels.

Satisphore, revere, concealing when the pain begins
and stops

Samplification, a vacation all striated via pinking struts. Cosmetic surges blossom plumply while the former Prince sings Kiss. What year is syncopation. The bluster guarantees full measure of snow. No go now. In the house, the hiding place restricts entreaty. Yes. More to the point, mood. Rejection says she is not worth and thus plunketh monastic flight. Camisole once franchised goes for frankincense. Miranda rights shift playthings. Manuflock redeems mouchoir accountably. One grows old and tires of being groomed. The amblicity is valsic. Breadline on the cusp of no breadline. This genius chants. One straight line fluctuates. Captain cold evolves to Father snide. Yammer rapture or contract. The osso bucco flaunts one yonder.

Storehome, blanch light, semitonic, rope trick

Porterhouse call sounds toll-free mistakes. The doctor is sin. Remunerate, remand, regenerate, recuse. If I am centimeters from your hallmark, blush. Along the river, people occupy. The footpaths changed by drizzle seep into wrong lanes. Only teardrops let us pray. Let us refine our sweepstakes with a shade of obfuscation. Terra firma obviates a cloud of rust. My only benefaction plunks remade silver upon likes of gold. Whose caritas remains in full view of the ivy. Chimney blanks leave room for birds to enter kingdoms godlessly. A maker's marksmanship shape cauterizes mere indention. Reputed constantly to overdo exactly what it does. The few birds trace a candle of wide blue. Around the bend is sycamore. And gelatin. Astride the harsh mistakes awaiting execution. When it's time to sing, we must be gilded by new morning. Is the city quite awake? I deem you characterful and young. I deem you just my likeness, give or take two decades. Only the minuet deceives our static wilderness. He watches me watch him watch me. As if to stage a comeback that might knit you to the shelter.

Follicles against linoleum, the vantage point of cusps
this way and that

Here am working gainshare toward an apposite. Chop
chop chap. Sticks stone break . . . longsuff- yon brochial
retreat. And there sit you abiding. Chance chaste chipper
breezeway lymph glanding its way down hill with
caritas. As one does one's doe-eyes. Spitfire glyphs and
chores we vestibule our little memoirs. *Glorificamos te*.
And then she tells me landslide story in a whiz bang
motif set for knowing aptitude and largesse. Many more
doyens than heard from herding how we noun along the
drop kick pathway toward stardom. Reboot, my love,
while I consider appellations and restraint. You would
not happen to own my cherished mystery, would you?
Nerdy little title dusted off for quick re-use? Comply
with me and be my treasure trove enduringly.

Laprosopic hench, formed subtlety, bit part in a briar
patch of pitch

Warmth softens the divide between skin and atmosphere. Clay breathes what we have in common: mix of sigh and threads. Threading the spools that wind / unwind. *One does not ask after a piece of music.* One subsides in interest, joining a melodic peace. What does not move is the will to find. The homestead act pales next to home. So many squares of footrest. Many observations. Accretion as the foray into stasis. Song remains unfettered, so the fireside notions of a task revive a tempo. This fraternal quest complete at the beginning. In the night the planeload fuse with thunder, then yield rain. One nevertheless makes off with goals as though material were immature. One gathers as though mere basketry proved the solution to a constant nakedness. How many pastures does it take to leave the rug unbeaten? More than any lean-to that we might have claimed, affection fills the distance with more distance. One module at a time, one speck, one sheepish grin. The texture of a feather fallen on these times. Lining the cage. Living the rage.

Semaphore gone pink, the decibels as rich as summer fronds, alight

In profusion, clover spheres. Beside the waft, we stand where crops collect, as if a family celebration equaled earth. Pronunciation makes us close, our dizzying refrains omit thought energy where it was traced. Conjunctions at each juncture. Hinges not defunct. An atmosphere of how we work and where we overcome a passage. Once she walks, she strays. This path, the same as gathering the steps she's walked. We institute the pavement to account for the inevitable equation. Walked the same, to walk. A conversation has to do. Growth situates itself, ourselves, the swollen landscape. Things will turn, and things will work themselves out of a gift economy. Distinguish weed from an intended growth. To pay for versus to observe. Which is to celebrate. A bitterness defines the sweet. The names drift where we know. Accumulation versus discard versus strained discussion.

Emoticons to be, each sweet referendum, as if only

Tremolo intact, replenishing the stilted speech. To feign is to unadvertise unless. And still, remainders glom on to presumptive priors. Now what, then when? In a miniature glass case, violet hues invigorate the broth. Or breath, or signal phrase. Intuitive with white wrap to the head. Aggressive syndrome, stalwart mail chain. A cappella slumber, party-free, incipient rumblings. A protectorate of grasp. Sun queases in to shoulder depth, a point of conversation. Informal masculinity repairs the duct work openly. Discussible intentions leave the room before they enter. Her people, your people, sure people. Poplar trees out back, the broad expanse of shell space. Walking across surfaces until the motor beats its life back into what it crosses. The low cost of a pen in times like these. The figurative pining. The caress. Most syllabic openings relieve pain. Medicine consistently misses its cause. Mechanical injunctions frost the lawn of covering.

Veto weakness, soft cloth, the part of sterling we intend to show, that partly shows

Semblicity, the doctoral charade of delving. An unnoticed window light complies with regulariat of camisole and blinkered things. *Does anyone recall the fingering for F-sharp?* My instinct downs my better self from being, knowing, valuing at top speed. Top-seeded players capsize all the water in the downspout. Maybe you and I should alter our apparent futures and reverse the legend of malingering. Done together (to a turn), our elbows may conform to parallelogram repose. Our minions and our tendencies may yield great art. High startup fees and flustered pros who wait on us (not *for*) until we're self-sufficient. *Ca suffit*, he told me in your sleep. I mentioned to my mirror that and only that, until I heard a slightly off-putting percussion from the region of the mailbox gradually filled with dividends, proceeds, all shock value.

Stalwart soldiering in the direction of the skid, where winter faithfully approaches

Flower is not damaged, flower co-exists with light.
Flower retracts from too much light, its sense of being
sings. Relocates breath. A tiny symphony. True music
need not be repaired. Petals observe the protocol, hold
to pattern during wind. Take rain, absorb each light.
Flower repeats anther flower. Is identity a fact?
Relinquishing the brush away from an identity. Another
form, a flower.

Yellow in the yard, a finch light near the eaves, and lawn